



THE



Bishop of ELY's

*K. Fleetwood (v.)*  
Thanksgiving - Sermon,

*ser. Bp. of Ely*  
Preach'd on the

Seventh of JUNE, 1716.

Done into VERSE.

*Publica materies privati Juris erit, si  
Nec circa vilem vilem, patulumq; moraberis Orbem,  
Nec verbum verbo curari reddere, fidus  
Interpres, nec desilies Imitator in Arctum,  
Unde pedem referre vetat pudor, aut operis lex. Hor.*

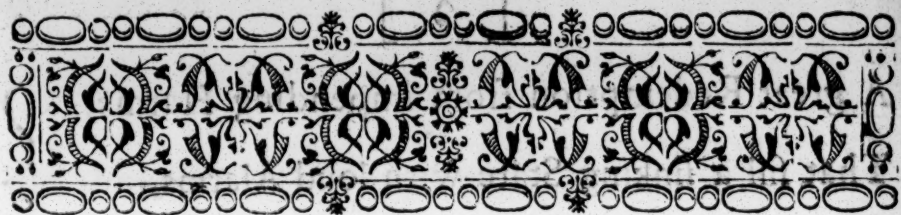
Princes, by Disobedience, get Command,  
And by new-quell'd Rebellions firmer stand.

L O N D O N :

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PSALM CVII. *Verse 2.*

*Let them give Thanks, and Praise the Lord  
Supream,  
Who are by him from merc'less Foes re-  
deem'd.*



**I**T is not certain what Deliverance  
made  
David so oft, as in this Psalm, per-  
swade  
The People's Thanks for their  
Creator's Aid;  
There was a Reason which extends to all,  
And makes the great Thanksgiving general.  
Pray'rs and Praises ev'ry one must give,  
Whoe'er they be, and wheresoe'er they live  
That has from him their Liberty receiv'd,  
And thro' his pow'rful Means a barb'rous Foe de-  
ceiv'd

A great Redemption from impending Harms,  
 That fill a sinking State with loud Alarms,  
 When factious Spirits shine in Impious Arms,  
 Deserve a joynt Consort of endless Praise,  
 And heav'nly Transports to th' Almighty raise.  
 A Nation sav'd, an Enemy o'erthrown,  
 Rebellion crush'd, and future Seeds unsown,  
 And all the great Calamities of War,  
 When sounding Trumpets eccho from afar,  
 When ev'ry one adven'trousfly resorts  
 To bloody Camps, instead of Gilded Courts;  
 Are mighty Causes and sufficient Ground,  
 On which a just Thanksgiving may be found:  
 For all we wish, or can desire in Life,  
 Is hazardous with Nations lost in Strife;  
 Th' Ends propos'd, when angry Armies fight,  
 Are Reason, Justice, Piety and Right,  
 To make each other gladly sue for Peace;  
 That Wars destructive Broils again may cease.

And



And therefore all the Mischiefs Man can bear,  
 He justly may expect ; from various Turns of War  
 For that's the Executioner of God,  
 Th' avenging Angel, and destroying Rod ;  
 It spreads more Mischief, more and more it spreads,  
 Hurling down Thunder on our guilty Heads.  
 Then such a Freedom does our Thanks require,  
 Thanks, that shou'd all our Minds and all our Souls  
 Such Help, tho' Wonders don't around it shine, <sup>(inspire.</sup>  
 Still comes from Heav'n and is still Divine.  
 Tho' flaming Comets nothing do foreshew,  
 Or dreadful Meteors fright the World below ;  
 Though all is Natural, and tho' the Ground  
 Produces Plenty, and the Sun goes round  
 Its wonted Course, no blasted Fruits appear ;  
 But Wind, and Rain, and Heat, bring forth a plen-  
 From Heav'n it comes, and whosoever reads, <sup>(teous Year ;</sup>  
 The Psalmist's glorious everlasting Deeds,  
 Will plainly find his Victories were gain'd,  
 And own'd to be alone from God's Immortal Hand ;

Yet he himself o'ercome the Enemy,  
 As we do now by Force and Subtillity,  
 And thus he says, in his Celestial Hymn,  
 Which he ascribes to Heaven's Almighty King ;  
*The Lord's my Strength, my Fortress, and my Rock,*  
*My great Defence, my Saviour, and my God.*  
*He shields me from all Violence, all Wrongs ;*  
*I'll call upon the Lord, and praise his Name,*  
*For he alone is worthy to be fear'd,*  
*And he alone can save me from my Foes.*  
*Tremendous Hell incompass'd me around,*  
*And Labyrinths of Death ensnar'd my Soul ;*  
*In my Distress I called upon the Lord,*  
*And to my God I cry'd ; he from his Heighth,*  
*Above all Heighths, strait heard my mournful Voice,*  
*And to my loud Complaints inclin'd his Ear ;*  
*Strait the Earth trembl'd, and her Entrails shook,*  
*As conscious of her great Creator's Wrath :*  
*The Mountains from their fix'd Foundations ran,*  
*And frighted from their inmost Caverns roar'd ;*  
*From out his Nostrils a Tempestuous Cloud*

*Of Pitchy Smoak in spicy Volumes flew,  
 And from his Mouth there ran a raging Flood  
 Of Torrent Fire, devouring as it ran;  
 And then he bow'd the very Heav'n of Heavens,  
 And arm'd with fearful Majesty came down.  
 Under his Feet he plac'd substantial Night,  
 Which aw'd the Nations with its dreadful Gloom.  
 Upon the flaming Cherubim he rode,  
 And on the Wings of all the Winds he flew;  
 Still Darknefs usher'd his mysterious Way,  
 And a black Night of congregated Clouds  
 Became the dark Pavillion of his Throne.  
 The Clouds his Brightnefs cou'd no longer bear;  
 But vanifhing rever'd the sacred Source of Light.  
 And as the congregated Clouds difpers'd,  
 A Storm of monftrous Hail came pouring down:  
 Down the red Lightning wing'd its flanting Way.  
 But when his wrathful Voice was heard on High,  
 Strait both the Poles rebellow'd to the Sound;  
 In thicker Sheets the ratling Hail came down.*

Down came the Lightning with repeated Flames,  
 And Thunder bellowing thro' the boundless Space,  
 Astonish'd Nature, with redoubl'd Roars ;  
 Earth could no longer bear the mortal Fright,  
 But shook itself from its perpetual Hinge ;  
 At thy Rebuke, O Lord, and at the Blast,  
 The dreadful Blast of thy avenging Wrath.  
 Then upwards from the gaping Centre cleav'd  
 With a prodigious Wound,  
 The fix'd Foundations of the World display'd ;  
 Display'd the Ghostful Caverns of the Deep,  
 A Sight that blasted ev'n the World's great Eye,  
 And made the starting Sun recoil  
 From his eternal Way ; Down came a Messenger,  
 Swift as the fleeting Time, who drew me out  
 From dreadful Seas, that had o'erwhelm'd my Soul,  
 And broke in twain the Links of Iron Fetters ;  
 Made my strong Foes to free me from my Bondage.  
 God is my mighty Strength, unshaken Hold ;  
 With Power resistless he protects me still,



*And sets me up on High; he teaches both my Hands  
To wield the dreadful Sword, and fight his Cause,  
So strong they'll break a Bow of Steel asunder.*

*'Tis God avenges me, and brings me forth  
From all my Enemies ; he is a God  
That's ever kind to his anointed People.*

*One wou'd imagine Heav'n its Wonders shown  
In his Behalf, and Nature's Course o'erthrown ;  
And yet we're certain it was never so,  
Nor nothing happen'd in his Cause below,  
Nothing surprizing in his Life was done ;  
But Courage might effect what Conduct well begun.  
He conquer'd by an ordinary Course,  
By human Cunning, and by human Force ;  
By Bows and Arrows, Spears, Swords and Shields,  
By wise Encampments, and by rising Fields ;  
All he bequeaths to God with such a Breath,  
Is done by Might and Instruments of Death ;  
And therefore no Deliverance can be made,  
But when it is by Heav'ns superiour Aid.*

**Mens Preservation** thus from time to time,

In ev'ry Season and in every Clime,

Both may and ought to be ascrib'd to him.

His Hand's the same, his Power knows no Allay,

And we should all our grateful Thanks repay,

For Mercies manifold as well as they.

It is from him alone our Blessings come,

And he alone commands our final Doom.

Nor is it only being secur'd in Fight,

But private Ills and Harms, and Mercies infinite,

That to the Almighty *David* does ascribe,

The Rage of *Saul*, and many Things beside;

He gives the Glory to the Power Divine,

Tho' 'twas his Friend and Wife discover'd *Saul's*

And on this great Occasion has compos'd (Design ;

A celebrated Song to Heav'n appos'd :

*God is my strong Defence, he'll let me see*

*The mighty Downfal of my mighty Foes ;*

*And unto thee, O heav'nly Guard, I'll sing,*

*My chief Defence, and God most merciful.*

Thus

Thus all Deliverances, of ev'ry Sort,  
 By just and honest Means are Heav'ns Effort:  
 'Twas God preserv'd him in the Turns of Fate;  
 From publick Enemies and private Hate;  
 First by a gen'rous Friend and virtuous Wife;  
 And next by Courage, Conduct, Constancy of Life:  
 His Soldiers Valour and his Peoples Love  
 Devolv'd upon him by the Pow'rs above:  
 Then to that Pow'r above all Praise is due,  
 All Thanks, all Homage, and all Duty too;  
 As certainly when he employs the least,  
 The meanest Ways, as when the large and best:  
 These Things appear so evident and plain;  
 All farther Demonstrations are in vain.  
 There is no Scruple or Objection made  
 To what the Psalmist in the Text has said:  
 It now remains that we consider next,  
 What Cause we have to praise as in the Text;  
 By duly weighing what we have receiv'd,  
 By him from Ills redeem'd, by him our Foes de-  
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From all the Miseries that did impend,  
 And all the mighty Woes that Civil War attend,  
 From Blood, and Murther, and intestiné Broils ;  
 When Rage and Discord in each Bosom boils :  
 These and much more we must have undergone,  
 And must have bore Calamities as long  
 As Foes appear'd in Arms, tho' at the last o'er-  
 (thrown.  
 But had Rebellion over us prevail'd,  
 And Traytors had our Liberties assail'd,  
 Then multiplying Mischiefs wou'd ensue,  
 And endless Chains our freeborn Souls subdue.  
 Our Royal Monarch first they wou'd depose,  
 Then he'd been basely murther'd by his impious  
 (Foes;  
 So must his Friends that did not quickly fly,  
 Friends, who resolv'd in such a Case to die.  
 A Popish Biggot must our Nation rule,  
 A barbarous, wretched, despicable Fool !  
 And all our wholesome Laws be made in vain,  
 For Protestants must ne'er be Kings again ;  
 No, an establish'd Line of Catholicks must reign.  
 Then

Then *Rome's* inhuman bloody Cruelties  
 Wou'd root out all our boasted Liberties.  
 These Things I don't so often o'er repeat,  
 That it may in your Hearts a causeless Fear create,  
 But leave your selves to judge what wou'd have  
 Had restless Faction overcome the King; (been,  
 From thence you mayn't imagine to infer  
 A stop was put to Blood and furious War,  
 More Forces in their stead had quickly shewn  
 A King and Parliament's not soon o'erthrown;  
 And I believe as yet we never read  
 A Crown with ease pluck'd from an *English* Head  
 By any Rival, when the Parliament  
 His Cause espous'd, and all his Pow'rs augment,  
 As is the present Case; For surely they  
 To save his Crown their Int'rest wou'd display,  
 Have Soldiers rais'd, and Armies still reserv'd,  
 From Time to Time as their Occasion serv'd.  
 Examples only be as many Snares,  
 Which People partial to their own Affairs,

Consider as they like, and view the End  
 According as their hopes or fears depend ;  
 Because we once despotick Pow'r difown'd,  
 A happy glorious Revolution own'd,  
 And Arbitrary Government dethron'd ;  
 So the Conspirators, whose mad Disease  
 And giddy Brains no Med'cines can appease,  
 Believ'd the same Thing might be done with equal  
 (ease.  
 When once with Tales they had the Rabble gain'd,  
 And groundless Notions idle Stories feign'd  
 Of the Church's Danger, one sufficient Proof  
 Cou'd ne'er be given, but the Word's enough ;  
 A senseless Outcry fills th' empty Air,  
 And bellowing Shouts proclaim its Fall is near.  
 However by these lawless Means they've made  
 Ten thousand Profelytes, and captive lead  
 Outrageous Woman and fantastick Men,  
 Whose easy Minds they easily obtain ;

Their



Their Ignorance will any thing believe,  
 And any Falshood greedily receive:  
 Necessity in Riots makes them bold,  
 Still growing Covetous as growing Old;  
 Advent'rously when order'd push it on,  
 In hopes of Payment when the Battel's done.  
 And if at first Rebellion had prevail'd,  
 They wou'd have took up Arms, and their own  
 (Friends assail'd.  
 Besides some others, great in their Desires,  
 Who long for Fame, and when Ambition fires,  
 Some Disappointment in their tow'ring Hopes,  
 For mad Revenge, wou'd joyn th' Rebels Troops;  
 Others of broken Fortunes deep in Debt,  
 Obnoxious to the Law, and justly desperate;  
 Such Ruffians who a Body thus compose,  
 Such mean, such base, and such despairing Foes,  
 Might ravage Countries, burn and pillage Towns;  
 Bestrow the Fields with Corps, and fill th' Air with  
 (Groans;

Send many Thousands to the Shades below ;  
 Which things they must have been oblig'd to do,  
 For when the Money of their own was gone,  
 And when their Chiefs and Leaders too had none,  
 No due Substance which our Men cou'd have,  
 No Funds, no Credit, nor no Taxes gave,  
 To ease their Wants, or grant them a Supply,  
 They must have Plunder'd or must starving dye.  
 And whatsoe'er Intentions first they had,  
 Into our Bowels they'd have plung'd the Blade.  
 But after all, wou'd any one expect  
 An unprovided Rabble ever cou'd subject  
 A King and Parliament, who do command  
 The Wealth, and Strength, and Interest of the Land ;  
 Who can an Army and a Tribute raise,  
 What Men, what Force and what Supplies they please ?  
 I'd not exaggerate the least degree,  
 But what all People evidently see ;  
 The Rebels might upon a first Success  
 Increas'd their Numbers, and our Men oppress,

Killed

Killed many Thousands, ruin'd Thousands more;  
 And fill'd with bloated Corps the Crimson Shore:  
 These Ills our conq'ring Armies did prevent,  
 Wise Senators and Soldiers diligent;  
 Those Lives then sav'd, and those Estates preserv'd,  
 Our Thanks to Heav'n most justly have deserv'd.  
 We who are faithful to our Monarch's Ends,  
 Would mourn the Loss of his departed Friends;  
 Nor would the Foes have found less cause to mourn,  
 Our Loyal Troops wou'd Lives for Lives return;  
 For Armies well approv'd with utmost hate  
 Will sell their Blood, and deal on equal fate,  
 Resolv'd their Fall shall glorious be and great. }  
 Ev'n then our Enemies should Praises bring,  
 And offer up their Thanks to Heav'n's almighty  
 As many Rebels kill'd, so many Friends (King;  
 They wou'd have lost, on whom their all depends.  
 The strange Compassion, and the wond'rous Tears,  
 Unpractis'd Charity of publick Pray'rs,

Bestow'd upon those few, whose forfeit Lives  
 The Law requir'd to fall its Sacrifice,  
 Shewn rather for their Sufferings than their Crimes,  
 Wou'd make one easily conceive sometimes,  
 That they as in their Duty shou'd incline  
 To Heav'n, and in this Day's Thanksgiving joyn.  
 As *David* says, *the Sword devoureth all*,  
 So their own Kindred might in Battle fall:  
 Those joyous Kindred who are now alive,  
 And the mad Cause, the giddy Cause, survive;  
 And them who're truly Honest, truly Good,  
 Wou'd grieve to see the Ground made red with  
 (English Blood,  
 And consequently praise Almighty God,  
 For thus withdrawing his avenging Rod.  
 An unexperienc'd Heart cannot conceive,  
 Nor Tongue express, nor deafen'd Ears believe,  
 What Dread attends that great Calamity,  
 Involv'd in War, when striving to outvy,  
 Fathers by Sons, and Sons by Fathers dye.



Therefore preventing all these mighty Harms,  
 These Turmoils, Troubles, Dangers, loud Alarms,  
 Require our Thanks, and Thanks shou'd now be  
 To the great God, the King of Earth and Heav'n. <sup>(giv'n</sup>  
 But now suppose Success their Arms did crown,  
 Our vet'ran Bands and valiant Troops o'erthrown,  
 What Woes and Miseries would wretched *Albi-*  
 The great Deliverance we must observe, <sup>(or drown?</sup>  
 Our Thanks and Pray'rs and Praises does deserve ;  
 For the first fatal Consequence wou'd be  
 The Deaths of all the Royal Family :  
 This only Thing wou'd their Atchievements gain,  
 And without this their great Designs were vain ;  
 'Tis this they want, we know the dreadful Truth,  
 And have Occasion for no farther Proof.  
 Not One but in themselves a Vow did make,  
 That precious Life, if possible, to take ;  
 Not One who stay'd at Home, and wish'd Success  
 To Traytors Arms, but wou'd the Action bless ;  
 And they who to Rebellion did bequeath  
 Their Hopes and Wishes, wish't our Monarch's <sup>(Death.</sup>

Then is not this a very Strange Return,  
 To him they call'd and plac'd upon the Throne,  
 And have beheld him sit thereon in State,  
 So mild, so just, so wise, so good, so great ?  
 No King did ever take a Crown like him,  
 'Twas Honourable, Sacred and Divine ;  
 He came not in by Conquest nor by Swords,  
 By Bribing Bishops or Polluting Lords,  
 Nor by the People call'd to regulate  
 The Mal-Administration of the State,  
 Nor partial Parties, nor by civil Fight,  
 Nor what they call Hereditary Right ;  
 But of its own accord the Nation did  
 The Crown establish on his Royal Head :  
 So if for Kingdoms it can lawful be  
 To save Religion, Rights and Property,  
 Excluding Papists, and their Laws insur'd,  
 Settling the Crown where 'twill be most secur'd,  
 There can't be laid a better claim to King,  
 A Nation's Gift, unask'd, unsought by him,  
 Full sev'nteen Years the Settlement has been.

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It was not rash or inconsiderately done,  
 But well contriv'd, well ended, well begun.  
 This is the Title cannot be enjoy'd,  
 This is the Prince that is to be destroy'd,  
 Dethron'd, and murther'd, and his Family  
 Be put to Death, unless from hence they fly!  
 The Nation must perfidiously declare  
 Another Title and another Heir,  
 Without Defence or Provocation giv'n!  
 Such black Ingratitude will meet Reward from  
 (Heav'n:  
 And after many Benefits receiv'd;  
 A Government so mild as scarce can be believ'd.  
 And wou'd not this our distant Honour raise,  
 Wou'd not the World be lavish in our Praise?  
 Or rather wou'd it not in Certainty,  
 Have urg'd our Fall, upbraid our Infamy?  
 Wou'd not such Usage of so good a King,  
 Eternal Scandal on our Nation bring?  
 For not long since they saw us basely quit  
 Our good Allies and solemn Oaths forget,

Then court a conquer'd and despairing Foe,  
 And meanly gave him that Advantage too,  
 Which we had bled and greatly ventur'd for,  
 By ten Years bloody tho' successful War ;  
 And now with Wonder they again wou'd see,  
 Us tamely giving up our Liberty,  
 Our King and his Illustrious Family ;  
 A King by joynt Consent we all had chose,  
 To save those Rights, those Liberties, those Laws,  
 Then afterwards that very King depose.  
 Were this a Nation to be lov'd or fear'd,  
 Our Virtue, Honour, Honesty rever'd?  
 Is this the End of their Religious Zeal,  
 Their good Affections for the common Weal,  
 Their Exclamations ev'ry coming Hour,  
 Against Tyrannick Sway and Arbitrary Pow'r?  
 Such false such foolish People who'd regard,  
 That when in Danger promise a Reward ;  
 But over once their Promises forget,  
 And all their Help and all their Service slight ;



Who this Day dread the Enemy and Harms,  
 The next provide against their loud Alarms,  
 Then throw away their Fears and useless Arms.  
 This Nation oft in *Charles* the Second's Reign,  
 Groan'd under Fears of Popery in vain;  
 He liv'd a secret Papist, dy'd profess,  
 And own'd the holy See was seated in his Breast.  
 In *James* the Second's furiously it come,  
 And openly declar'd for superstitious *Rome*;  
 But then the Nation with a constant Mind,  
 With one desire the Prince of *Orange* joyn'd.  
 He and the Parliament, without Controul,  
 Resolv'd a *Papist* never more should Rule;  
 And if these Limitations did conclude,  
 On *Hanover* the Crown descends, all *Papists* to exclude.  
 And thus indeed 'twas requisite to do,  
 To save our Country and Religion too;  
 For now there's none of all the Royal Line  
 A Protestant, but *GEORGE* our present King.  
 The great Subversion of the Church reform'd,  
 When ours to *Rome's* Religion is conform'd;

The Consequence will be of their dire Fall,  
 Then farewell Laws, Religion, Rites and all;  
 And after which succeeds an endless Train  
 Of Popish Princes, *Savoy, France, and Spain*;  
 A godly Prospect of our nursing Sires,  
 Our guardian Fathers exquisite Desires.  
 What Blessings under these can we enjoy?  
 They are oblig'd our Worship to destroy,  
 In Conscience they're oblig'd, it must be so,  
 Their Principles won't otherwise allow:  
 I question not but Popish Princes are  
 As wise as any Protestants whate'er,  
 As tender natur'd, complaisant, and kind,  
 With the same Gifts adorn'd of Body and of Mind  
 But 'tis where Superstition's not concern'd;  
 That breaks down all which Reason had discern'd;  
 That sanguinary Zeal impetuous runs,  
 And will not be restrain'd by any mod'rate Bounds.  
 They easily may promise what they will,  
 But never can those Promises fulfil:  
 Others their Souls and Consciences do keep,  
 And others lull their Senses fast asleep:

They've liberty to Swear, but can't maintain,  
 Their Oaths are void and Protestations vain,  
 If Heresy's concern'd, and 'tis for Heav'n,  
 They quickly have an Absolution giv'n;  
 No Vow's enough to bind a Man to Sin,  
 Break it he must, and use strict Discipline  
 To purge his Soul; then he that does preserve  
 Our Church and Laws, from Popery must swerve.  
 Repentance, Abstinence from Time to Time,  
 Will scarcely do, 'tis such a mortal Crime:  
 And when it comes the Consequence will be  
 The total Ruin of our Monarchy.  
 If but one single Instance they produce,  
 That in the least can our Belief induce,  
 Of any Popish Prince that did pretend  
 Our Protestant Religion to defend,  
 We'll be contented that it is enough,  
 And not desire a more sufficient Proof.  
 Methinks it wou'd a cause of wonder be,  
 A strange Prodigious Miracle to see,  
 A Nation give Religion, Liberty,

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Upon the Promise, or most solemn Oath,  
 Of one whose Conscience bids him break them both;  
 His Principles, his Int'rest, and who thinks  
 He pleases God, and merits earthly Thanks.  
 This Prince may keep it yet when all is done,  
 But still the Risk's too great for us to run;  
 Yet we may run this if we can but find  
 A Popish Prince was ever of that Mind.  
 In any other Place 'twou'd be in vain  
 To say a thing so evidently plain;  
 But now within this very little Time  
 We're forc'd to shew the Sun at Noon does shine,  
 If it against their Constitution make,  
 Or that a Popish Prince his Vows and Oath will break.  
 Our *English* any Argument believe,  
 And any foolish idle Tale receive,  
 Against the Government, tho' horrid Lies,  
 But not against their deadly Enemies,  
 Who their Destruction daily do attempt,  
 And even make themselves the very Instrument:  
 As this is plain and evident in fact,  
 They think a Popish Prince our Nation can protect.  
 This



This is against the Experience of the World ;  
 How oft into Confusion have we all been hurl'd ?  
 If any thing in our Religion's good,  
 If any thing in their Religion's bad,  
 We ought to bless and praise Almighty God,  
 For the Success against the Rebels gain'd,  
 Who wou'd have burnt our Church, and Heaven a-  
 (bove profan'd.  
 Whatever People do pretend to know,  
 Or what they do believe, it surely had been so ;  
 Our Laws and civil Liberties e'er long  
 Wou'd the same cruel Fortune too have run.  
 'Tis not the Climate, Air, and Soil alone,  
 Make People happy to enjoy their own ;  
 'Tis Privilege, 'tis Justice, Liberty and Law,  
 From these bless'd Things our Happiness we draw ;  
 On these Accounts another Place might find,  
 But more our own the Blessings of a Mind  
 Greatly content, tho' Nature's partial Hand  
 In icy Climes has plac'd our happy Land ;  
 Remotest Regions envy and admire  
 Our wond'rous Laws, and do the same desire,

Whilst they are Slaves to Crowns ; and so shou'd we  
 Had Rebels overcome and brought in Popery.  
 A conquer'd Nation never can expect  
 Their ancient Rights direct or indirect ;  
 The many Thousands that wou'd there be slain  
 Wou'd easy make it for the Victors then  
 I've chang'd entirely our Rights and Laws,  
 And who indeed shou'd Conqu'rors oppose ?  
 Security they'd have by publick Voice,  
 And to that End they'd make another Choice ;  
 Our Laws at present are against their Cause,  
 And they wou'd be against our present Laws.  
 And who indeed, as I have said before,  
 Durst Rules prescribe to Arbitrary Pow'r ?  
 The Few that cou'd and wou'd, we must suppose,  
 Are quite subdu'd by their victorious Foes ;  
 The Rest are Slaves by Principle and Will,  
 And think the Scriptures their Belief fulfil ;  
 Those Laws that over Princes do preside,  
 Are impious, despicable, null and void.

Where a King's Word, there does his Pow'r ex-  
 And who may say what dost thou now intend? <sup>(tend,</sup>  
 These People well deserve to wear the Chain,  
 Drag out a slavish Life they glory to attain,  
 If others wa'n't oblig'd to share their Fate,  
 They really ought to undergo the Weight.  
 These are the Ills from which we have been freed  
 By God's Almighty Care, to make our Arms suc-  
 These are th' Effects of such a War as this, <sup>(ceed;</sup>  
 Had it gone on and we had been remiss;  
 But they have not occur'd to us, and we  
 So sensibly affected cannot be,  
 As if they had still nearer come in view,  
 And threaten'd all the Kingdom to subdue:  
 But as these Troubles sooner found an end,  
 So much the more Heav'n's Mercies do extend.  
 Our glorious King is not depos'd nor slain,  
 Our Conq'ring Army keeps th' embattell'd Plain,  
 Our Worship is not chang'd, our Laws subdu'd,  
 Nor is the Ground made red with *English* Blood:

But had the daring Rebels gain'd the Day,  
 This wou'd have come to pass and dreadful Fields  
 I question not but those who duly think (display.  
 How nigh we stood on Ruin's frightful Brink,  
 Who seriously consider all these Things,  
 Who love Religion and the Best of Kings,  
 Both will and do most joyfully return  
 Their hearty Thanks, with pious Ardour burn ;  
 These are expected, these we do invite,  
 But those who from our Liberties unite,  
 To joyn with us wou'd play the Hypocrite ;  
 They who have openly espous'd their Cause,  
 They who have secretly condemn'd our Laws,  
 They who did Heav'n for wish'd Success intreat,  
 And they who afterwards lamented their Defeat,  
 Filling the Air with Cries, with Tears the Street,  
 Raving against the Government, for Friends  
 Our Laws condemn'd to die, and make amends,  
 For them they slew yet not at all bewail'd ;  
 It matter'd nothing, nothing it avail'd :



Nor ought this Sort with us in Pray'rs to joyn,  
 For Heav'n discomfited their ill Design;  
 They've lost Revenge, Revenge so sweet and rare,  
 And now have nothing left but Madnes and De-  
 These are th' Enemies from whom we're sav'd, <sup>(spair.</sup>  
 Not from their Malice, but th' Effects deprav'd.  
 Our Monarch's Enemies, tho' not reveal'd,  
 Are them who slander and who keep conceal'd,  
 As well as those that fight against him in the Field;  
 They Falshoods raise, and with their Tongues re-  
 Calumniate him and murther while they Smile, <sup>(vile,</sup>  
 And are his Friends pretended all the while:  
 Most impiously they use the sacred Name  
 Of him the Best of Kings who fills the World with  
 Nor would they treat a wealthy Neighbour so, <sup>(Fame;</sup>  
 To him they'd more Respect and more Obedience  
 Such Usage to their Equals they'd not try, <sup>(shew.</sup>  
 As ev'ry Day they give the Royal Family.  
 These People make us scandalous Abroad,  
 Of Understanding, Sense and Reason void.

We were some Years ago a Sov'reign Fort;  
 And ev'ry Nation did our Friendship court ;  
 Our Enmity they dreaded more than Death,  
 And fear'd Revenge wou'd issue from our Breath ;  
 But since we've been despis'd, and been forlorn,  
 Their Hatred, their Aversion, and their Scorn ;  
 But of necessity with us they deal,  
 And will not frankly any thing reveal.  
 The King he is the only Prince below,  
 That cou'd retrieve our Reputation now ;  
 His Justice, Prudence, Virtues all combin'd,  
 The Constancy and Firmness of his Mind,  
 Make States and Princes wish to be his Friend,  
 Because they may upon his Word depend ;  
 And by a late most necessary Act  
 They may in us confide and with us now transact.  
 Then by these Means we may again become  
 As flourishing once more as ancient *Rome*,  
 Wa'n't it for cursed Vipers here at Home,  
 Who blast our Credit and our Hopes destroy,  
 And tho' they cannot sting like Flies they do annoy.

The great Success which to our Arms was giv'n,  
 For which we now do pay our Thanks to Hea-  
 (ven,  
 Back to their Place our Enemies has driv'n;  
 The Place where first they did set out, and whence  
 They did against our King ungrateful War com-  
 (mence.  
 The War they wholly must begin anew,  
 They have no other Hopes, no other Thoughts in  
 (view;  
 And must revive old Calumnies once more,  
 And new Ones too as they have done before;  
 They must in Promise or in Pay again  
 The common Prostitutes and Vagrants entertain;  
 And all the Libertines about the Town  
 Lift under this imaginary Crown,  
 Be taught their sland'ring Lessons to repeat  
 So often over, that they don't forget;  
 And some of better Fashions they must add,  
 Of better Fortunes, equally as mad;  
 These are the People who together joyn,  
 In spreading Lyes and false Reports combine,  
 Against the King his Subjects irritate,  
 And daily more and more exasperate,

Against their own Security and Ease,  
 And nought their dire Distractions can appease:  
 These are the Means and Methods they do use;  
 To cheat the People and the King abuse;  
 To bring about their ill Designs and Harms,  
 And fill our bleeding Country with their loud A-  
 (larms;  
 And as we may expect that they'll complain;  
 That we shall hear their Scandals o'er and o'er again;  
 'Tis requisite against them we provide,  
 And know in what we justly may confide;  
 Undoubtedly from every one we hear  
 The Church of *England's* dang'rous Fall is near;  
 But do not that believe till you have Proof,  
 Their only saying so is not enough;  
 Regard not Noise but call an Evidence;  
 That may a reasonable Man convince.  
 I have the more Ill-Will to Calumnies,  
 Because they are notorious horrid Lies,  
 And cover such unbounded Villanies,  
 Deluding many People, Innocent  
 Of their Designs and barbarous Intent.



I've liv'd my self these Sev'n and Twenty Years,  
 In and about this City, yet the Fears  
 I found were groundless of the Church's Fall,  
 'Twas Nonsense, Notions, idle Fancies all ;  
 It does the Laws that first were made possess,  
 And since King *James's* Reign I do profess,  
 As I can tell, no form'd Design the Church did  
 (e'er oppress.  
 Whatever it has ask'd it has obtain'd,  
 Till they from all their Jealousies refrain'd ;  
 But still it has its Enemies, and still  
 In Danger stands no doubt, and always will,  
 But yet no more than other Churches do,  
 No more in Danger of its Overthrow,  
 From Atheists, from the Wickedness of those,  
 Who are its publick Friends and private Foes ;  
 Lewd Men of able Parts and great Descent  
 Will always have a Share in ev'ry Government ;  
 The Saints did never govern, never will,  
 They are the Men of Learning, Judgment, Skill,  
 Who know the World Abroad, its Nature find,  
 And thro'ly understand the Int'rests of Mankind,

That ever were imploy'd, and ever must  
 Be us'd in States, tho' to their God unjust ;  
 Religious Virtue is their own Concern,  
 Princes their Nations Welfare shou'd discern ;  
 In Climes where Priests are Ministers of State,  
 When at th' Helm in dazling Pow'r they fate,  
 They're seldom Virtuous, tho they're always Great ;  
 Which is n't at all regarded by their Prince,  
 If in his own Affairs they use their Diligence ;  
 I wou'd not have you think I mean hereby  
 To yield so far to reigning Calumny,  
 As to suppose the present Ministry  
 Are evil, lewd, or viciously inclin'd,  
 Debauch'd in Body or debauch'd in Mind.  
 For I am to the contrary sure,  
 I know they'r pious, holy, charitable, pure ;  
 But I wou'd say, supposing it were so,  
 The Church is not in Danger of an Overthrow ;  
 Which yet more large the Exclamations make,  
 Of Virtue's and Religion's being at Stake ;

I shou'd not really make an End to Day,  
 If I was further on this Head to say ;  
 Then I'll only Instance one or two  
 Short Observations, which I hope will do.  
 The first is, not a Papist dwelling here  
 But joins the Cry, the Church's Fall is near ;  
 They willingly wou'd have this Thing believ'd,  
 And Joy to see the People so deceiv'd :  
 Is it a pure Affection ? Is it not right ?  
 That in this gen'ral Cry they thus unite ?  
 Are they indeed concern'd, and touch'd with Grief  
 At our Downfall, and would they bring Relief ?  
 The Matter is not so, they 're in Disguise  
 To serve their Ends : 'Tis plainly otherwise :  
 To make a greater Noise they join the Cry,  
 To gain more Credit and their Strength supply,  
 The Populace more fiercely to enrage,  
 That they in dire Rebellion may again engage ;  
 For the same Reason all our Foes impart  
 These Falshoods ev'ry where, and use their utmost Art  
 To gain more Numbers, and still more reserve,  
 That may be useful when Occasions serve.

The other Observation I will make  
 Is, that they did this Cry in the late Reign forsake.  
 When a new Set of Men were all employ'd,  
 Who the great Favours of the Court enjoy'd,  
 And who at present the Pretender serve,  
 All who are Outlaw'd too, as justly they deserve,  
 The Church was safe, the Church they did defend;  
 The Cry did cease, and all their Noise did end:  
 Strange Fortune! that those Men who brought the  
 (State  
 So near to Ruin, shou'd the Church elate.  
 I leave these Observations that you may  
 Consider on it, and the Matter weigh;  
 And only now the People I desire,  
 Wou'd never listen till they do inquire,  
 With Candor just, impartially from whence  
 Their Malice sprung against so good a Prince,  
 And not believe without sufficient Evidence. }  
 He duly comes to Church himself, and there  
 Is decent, serious, modest in his Pray'r;  
 Behaviour's handsome and is holy both.  
 To save the Church he has giv'n his Word and Oath.



Whatever others have to us reply'd,  
 His Word he has not broke, nor Promise falsify'd.  
 The other Slanders which so great appear'd,  
 And which so very often you have heard :  
 For Truth and Justice you may likewise place  
 In the same Rank, and in that very Class.  
 I now shall beg you wou'd no Credit give,  
 But what with good Security you may believe,  
 See with your Eyes, and hear with your own Ears,  
 And trust your Senses when it plain appears.  
 And if the People will their Duty do,  
 I durst to say the KING will do it too ;  
 And ev'ry Day he lives the Praises own,  
 They owe to God for giving him the Crown,  
 And likewise pray there'll sit upon the Throne,  
 A Race of Princes, pious, wise, and good,  
 As great in Virtues as in noble Blood,  
 The Guardians of our Church, and ever be  
 A Race of Protestants to all Eternity.

## F I N I S.

## E R R A T A.

P. 7. l. 15. after *Spears* r. *and*. P. 10. l. 15. for *Cafe* r.  
*Cause*. P. 13. l. 10. for *when* r. *whom*. P. 16. l. 31. for

My dear friend,  
I have just received your letter of the 14th inst.  
and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope  
these few lines will find you the same. I have  
not much news to write at present. I am still  
in the same place and doing the same work.  
I am sure you are well and hope these few  
lines will find you the same. I am still  
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6 JA 59

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Yours truly,  
J. W. S.

